

SEVEN MADDENED BY EXTREME HEAT.

Weak-Minded Persons Overcome by Strange Thermal Conditions.

Mercury Touched Ninety Degrees at 3:25 P. M. and Paused in Its Flight.

Took a Ten-Degree Jump in an Hour and Went Up from 52 in Twelve.

ATMOSPHERE MOISTURE LADEN.

Weather Prognosticator Has Not Discovered We Are to Have It Cooler To-day—Philadelphia Even Hotter Than New York.

Time.	Deg's.	Time.	Deg's.
12 M.	52	12 M.	54
1 P.	54	1 P.	56
2 P.	56	2 P.	58
3 P.	58	3 P.	60
4 P.	60	4 P.	62
5 P.	62	5 P.	64
6 P.	64	6 P.	66
7 P.	66	7 P.	68
8 P.	68	8 P.	70
9 P.	70	9 P.	72
10 P.	72	10 P.	74
11 P.	74	11 P.	76

Never in the April annals of the Weather Bureau has there been so intense and protracted a period of heat as that which is now causing the citizens of New York to sweat and wilt. It has lasted nearly a week, and the indications are that it will continue for at least twenty-four hours longer.

Friday night there was a sudden going

NINETY DEGREES IN THE SHADE.

Such is Forecaster Dunn's Registry of Summer Heat in New York—Tells of Freezing Weather in the West.

April 18, 1896.

This was the warmest day in any April since the establishment of the Weather Bureau in 1870. The temperature at 3:25 p. m. was 90 degrees. After the temporary cool spell of the morning the lowest point was reached at 4 o'clock, when it registered 52 degrees. At 8 o'clock it reached 58. Between 8 and 9 o'clock it jumped 10 degrees, touching 68 degrees. From that hour it increased steadily until it reached the maximum at 3:25 p. m. The next previous highest record was April 17 of this year, when the mercury touched 85.

The warm wave covers all the country from Minnesota and Illinois east. It was nearly 90 at all points east of the Mississippi Valley. The wave will last throughout Sunday and possibly Monday. There was a great contrast between the weather east and west of the Mississippi Valley. Over all the States from Montana and the Dakotas southward over Nebraska, Colorado and Kansas, the temperature was below freezing point, and heavy frosts were reported as far south as Dodge City, Kansas. The lowest temperature throughout the cold belt was 10 degrees above zero at Louder, Wyoming.

Throughout the central Mississippi States, in advance of the cold wave heavy showers and high winds were reported.

E. B. DUNN.

own of the mercury. The wind rose, and lightning played, and people said: "Now his thing must stop. We have had enough of it. It will thunder and rain, and then he will clear and it will be cool and fresh, as April days should be." The thunder storm never came, the rain held itself aloof, and the mercury began a second time to climb the tube with impetuous haste. Furthermore, Mr. Humidity took part in the proceedings until 80 per cent of moisture was oppressing the heat laden atmosphere. When Mr. Humidity is at work in combination with extreme heat, the heart of the Gothamite faints within him.

THE COLD WAVE.

Of the sequence of unseasonable hot days, yesterday was the worst. The cold wave that Observer Dunn had so cheerfully predicted early in the week came, but it didn't stay as long as he had expected. It arrived from Nova Scotia, and afforded the slight relief and the cooling winds of Friday night. Then, early in the morning, it went away. Now Mr. Dunn says that there is nothing more to be expected in that line. In fact, he believes that it may become even warmer. He says, though, that the humidity is to be absorbed as the weather grows warmer.

Seven persons were taken to the insane pavilion at Bellevue Hospital for examination during the heated hours of yesterday. Their shattered mental condition is attributed in part to the excessive warmth. Mary Cavanaugh, a maiden lady, forty-five years old, living with her brother John at No. 100 East Fifty-third street, declared that it was her duty to kill her two

young nephews and herself. She became violent, and with difficulty was overpowered by her brother and neighbors.

Mary Bosch, formerly a typewriter in a wholesale house in Pearl street, became ill from overwork, and her mind weakened. She became so much depressed yesterday that her father, Louis Bosch, the keeper of a candy store at No. 140 Varick street, took her to Bellevue.

Egidio Kaffer, a laborer, of No. 38 Baxter street, walked into the office of the Gerry Society in Fourth avenue at 9 o'clock in the morning, talking incoherently about the heat. He was sent to the hospital.

Mary Smith, an inmate of the Home for Friendless Women at No. 122 East Fifty-second street, kept by Mrs. O'Keefe, went out for a walk yesterday morning. She was found acting queerly in Third avenue, and was taken to the hospital.

WANDERING IN THE STREET.

Edward McNamee, who said that his age was forty-four years, was found wandering aimlessly on First avenue between Twenty-first and Twenty-second streets by a policeman of the East Twenty-second Street Station about 7 o'clock in the morning. He did not know where he was nor where he lived, and as he did not seem to be suffering from the use of alcohol, he was taken to the hospital.

Francis J. Smith walked into the West Thirty-seventh Street Police Station yesterday morning at 5 o'clock and complained to the sergeant that a crowd was following him and putting sand into his pockets. The sergeant could see no crowd, and on further questioning believed that Smith was insane. Smith said his age was thirty-five years, that he was a bar-keeper, and that he lived at No. 345 West Thirty-ninth street. No one knew him at this address.

Mrs. Mary Butler, eighty-six years old, of No. 75 Allen street, was taken to the hospital at 10 o'clock in the morning. She had no friends, was destitute, and was mentally unbalanced.

One of the physicians at Bellevue said: "The heat often affects the weak minded, and no doubt these cases were developed by it."

Philadelphians are warmer than New Yorkers. At 8 o'clock in the morning there yesterday the thermometer stood at 72 de-

POLITICS, SAYS REV. MR. CLEVELAND.

This Cause Attributed by the President's Brother for His Dismissal.

Deposing Him, He Declares, Was the Rankest Kind of Injustice.

Denies Party Prejudice, and Stamps the Presbytery's Action as the Result of Political Bigotry.

DECLARES MAJORITY WAS IGNORED.

The McPhersons Were with Him, and When the Van Dorens Learned of His Politics They Bolted—May Go to Ohio.

Watertown, N. Y., April 18.—"Yes, you may say that politics was at the bottom of the trouble," said the Rev. William N. Cleveland at Chaumont, today, when interviewed concerning the dissensions in his congregation, which resulted in his dismissal from the pastorate of the little Presbyterian Church. When visited this afternoon, the brother of President Cleveland was found with his wife and a servant in a cozy and unpretentious pastoral residence located next to the Presbyterian church in the heart of the village.

The Rev. Mr. Cleveland is a man of sixty years, short and stocky, but not fleshy. Plainly, but neatly attired, he looked more a retired business man than a fighting preacher. Not an outward resemblance to his distinguished brother does he exhibit.

"I know," he said, "that the severance of the pastoral relations between myself and the church here has aroused a good deal of interest, not on my account, but because of the actions of the brother of the President of the United States; yes, politics is at the bottom of the whole matter, but it has been aggravated by family feuds in the church."

FIERCELY EXPRESSES HIMSELF.

"My dismissal was the rankest kind of an injustice and contrary to the wishes and desires of the majority of my congregation. In the church there are about 150 attendants, and those who vote on church matters number between 110 and 120. I was ousted by the strongest and most despicable kind of underhand work. The opposition declare it was not politics, but I think it was. Perhaps, however, it would be well to state that my strongest supporters are among the Republicans, but I have many Democrats, both for and against me. This village is a hot-bed of Republicanism, and such political bigotry I never saw before exhibited by so many people in so small a place. It was this political bigotry that has caused my dismissal. I am no politician, and never had any desire to become one, but these ultra Republicans could not bear to have a Democratic clergyman. I was pre-judged. I cannot see, for my part, how such political bigotry can find a lodging place in the hearts of men. Maybe it is because I have none of it in mine. I can sit for hours and hear a Republican criticize the Democratic Administration, and my temper will remain unaffected.

"For a long time the church has been divided into two factions—the Van Dorens and the McPhersons. Although the latter are in the majority, they have been

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Mrs. I. Townsend Burden.

THEY WERE TWO MODEL SERVANTS.

Mr. I. Townsend Burden Says Dunlop and Turner Were Above Suspicion.

He Can't Imagine How the Jewels Were Taken, but Will Sail for London to Learn.

LOCAL POLICE FORCE DOWNCAST.

No Word of a Confession Received, but the Other Servants in the Burden Household Feel Much Relieved.

"No, I haven't any theory of how we were robbed," said Mr. I. Townsend Burden last night. "We were going across about this time and, of course, shall be glad to acquire our misappropriated property at the same time. Dunlop and Turner were exceptionally good servants, and I really have never had any reason to suspect Turner of any wrongdoing. Now, Dunlop I regard as clever, and I have had doubts of his probity for some time. Both men came to me very well recommended, and they proved better servants than any I had had in similar positions.

"While in London in 1894 I inserted an advertisement in a local newspaper for a man. Among the replies I received I regarded the one from Dunlop as quite promising. So I had my secretary, Mr. Calmes, send him a reply. Dunlop had his immediate superior at a Mr. Campbell's residence, Princess Gate, London, write him a recommendation. The letters are so good I'll read them to you."

Going upstairs to his desk in his "den" on the second floor, Mr. Burden found the letters and, returning with them in his hand, read them with a quizzical smile. Here is what the model butler had to say for himself:

58 Princess Gate, London, S. W.
12 July, 1894.

Sir—In reply to your advertisement, I beg to apply for your situation as butler. I have lived with Lord Ashdown as first footman for three years, as first footman with Lord Londonderry twelve months, as match footman and valet with Lord Wolsey two years, and six months with the Duke of Portland as first of five. I left His Grace to get out of livery and could not get suited in a place. I am now with Mr. Campbell. Of course, I have not given up this place, where I am still footman. Sir, I understand you want a man for some time, and I could leave when suitable to you.

My age is twenty-eight years, height, 5 feet, and I can get an excellent character from present or former employers. Sir, if you think me likely to suit I should like an interview to-morrow or Saturday. I am used to travelling and am a good valet. Sir, I have the honour to remain, your most obedient servant,

WILLIAM R. DUNLOP.

This is the letter which Gill, the butler for Mr. Campbell, of Princess Gate and Ridgberry Park, wrote in behalf of Dunlop. Mr. Burden smiled at Gill's air of superiority and benevolent intentions as he read:

58 Princess Gate, London, S. W.

Sir—I understand it is the intention of my first footman to apply for your situation to go to America. As I am always pleased to see any one serving under me progress in life, I therefore venture to speak on his behalf, quite apart from what his employer may have to say, which



Mr. I. Townsend Burden.

I know will be all in his favour. He is steady, sober, smart and a good servant, and has the making of a good butler, having lived in the best of families, his last situation being with the Duke of Portland. He came here with an excellent character. I remain, sir, your obedient servant.
GEORGE WINTERS GILL, Butler.

THEY WERE MODEL SERVANTS.

"Upon receipt of this second letter," resumed Mr. Burden, "we had Dunlop call. His appearance and manner were much in his favor and he was engaged. He was here in the house for weeks after the robbery and not a bit of suspicion was attached to him, nor even Turner. As to how they planned and executed the robbery I haven't even an idea to suggest. The intimation that Turner met somebody during the brief time he was out of the house after we had gone to the opera on

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THE BURDEN JEWEL ROBBERY.

An Extraordinary Police Tale of Two Cities—One of the Most Interesting Episodes of the Day Critically Reviewed.

By Julian Hawthorne.

A good jewel robbery is a thing which no civilized community can afford to be long without. No jewel can pretend to real distinction until it has once, at least, been stolen. From the Kohlinoor and Pitt down to the earrings of the latest burlesque actress all notable gems have gained additional lustre from contact with thieves' fingers. Although romance may have faded from the records of love, and mystery from the horizons of knowledge, yet from these tiny, gleaming crystals they seem to be inalienable. Beauty and rarity continue to make precious stones the object of admiration and pride on one side, and of cupid and crime on the other, and will do so while the human mind retains its present constitution. The lawless forces of civilization will plot to make these toys of luxury their prey, impelled by the red-

incurred by an amiable family in this matter; yet we cannot but be grateful for the sensation thus afforded, especially since the story ends morally and happily with the recovery of the lost jewels. The incident has meanwhile afforded gossip for the club smoking-rooms and ladies' tea-tables of two continents. Let us, then, indulge ourselves in the legitimate entertainment of reviewing the leading features of the affair, and perhaps speculating here and there on the significance of certain as yet obscure details.

At this writing, indeed, there is some room for speculation. The men have been arrested and most of the jewels have been identified either by description or by persons who had before seen them. But neither of the accused has confessed, and conviction may have to depend upon circum-



Mr. I. Townsend Burden.

THE VICTIMS OF THE JEWEL ROBBERY.

tion that the ransom of an empire may be concealed in the bottom of a man's hand. This is the issue ever joined, and the drama goes on. Of course, all well-disposed persons regret the involuntary notoriety and anxiety

stuntal evidence only. The past record of at least one of the men is, on the face of it, most exemplary and respectable; it may turn out to be less edifying after it has been examined. We pause at this point to make the reflection (which has undoubtedly often occurred to Mr. Burden since the night of the robbery) that it is always wise to verify the "characters" of servants before installing them in positions of trust and responsibility. Furthermore, the robbery was for some time thought to be the work of burglars who gained entrance to the premises from without, and the second floor and construction of the building—adjoining the rear of a hotel, with an extension roof convenient to the burglarious foot—seemed to favor this hypothesis. On the other hand, it was judged unlikely that any one could have successfully operated from without—at the hour when the robbery took place—without the co-operation of some confederate within. Conjecture was at fault, although gradually inclining in the direction which now appears to have been the right one; namely, that it was the servants in the house who did the job. They certainly had time enough to lay their plans; but it is no less true that they showed even more talent in disarming suspicion than in accomplishing their crime.

While the search for the supposititious outside operator was being prosecuted without satisfactory results, a certain count whose past history was not unconnected with gem stealing was shadowed with some prospect of success. He had lived at the hotel, and there was a physical possibility at least that he might have gained access by way of the rear extension before mentioned to the room where the jewels were kept. A first-class diamond robbery seems to demand a count in some capacity; a flavor of romance still lingers about the forger of rank. But facts are often hostile to romance; and the strictest investigation finally failed to connect this particular count with the crime. It would have been agreeable to have introduced him into this story as the aristocratic chief of a gang of talented depredators who scored any transaction involving less than, say \$10,000. Then the butler and footman, of irreproachable demeanor and of noble references, should have figured as his confederates, acting under his orders, and depositing their plunder in his keeping. Nay, the count might have been in love with some beautiful leader of society, and have designed his share of the gems as a princely gift to her. The complications which might thereupon have ensued can be more readily imagined than described. But we are reluctantly obliged to abandon this enticing lead. The count is thoroughly out of the story.

Nevertheless, if the latest telegrams from



The Burden Residence.



THE REV. AND MRS. WILLIAM N. CLEVELAND.

The President's brother, who was deposed from the pastorate of the Chaumont Presbyterian Church, near Watertown, N. Y., declares that such action was brought about by a faction in his congregation antagonistic to his political views, though he says he never obtruded them in connection with his pastoral duties. He will probably make himself a new home in Ohio.